

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ



ABDUL JABBAR

SIMPLY THE BEST OF D85

DMC CLASS OF 1985 DIGITAL MAGAZINE



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DOES GOD EXIST?

“Allah, there is no God but He, the Living and Self-Sustaining. Neither slumber nor sleep overtakes him. Unto Him belongs all that is in the heavens and on Earth. Who is there who can intercede with Him save by His leave? He knows what is in front of them and what is behind them, while they encompass nothing of His knowledge except what He wills. His throne extends over the heavens and the Earth, and He is never weary of preserving them. He is the Most High, the Magnificent.” [Sūrah al-Baqarah: 255]

اللَّهُ لَا إِلَهَ إِلَّا هُوَ الْحَيُّ الْقَيُّومُ لَا تَأْخُذُهُ
سِنَةٌ وَلَا نَوْمٌ لَهُ مَا فِي السَّمَاوَاتِ وَمَا فِي
الْأَرْضِ مَنْ ذَا الَّذِي يَشْفَعُ عِنْدَهُ إِلَّا
بِإِذْنِهِ يَعْلَمُ مَا بَيْنَ أَيْدِيهِمْ وَمَا خَلْفَهُمْ
وَلَا يُحِيطُونَ بِشَيْءٍ مِنْ عِلْمِهِ إِلَّا بِمَا شَاءَ
وَسِعَ كُرْسِيُّهُ السَّمَاوَاتِ وَالْأَرْضَ وَلَا
يَئُودُهُ حِفْظُهُمَا وَهُوَ الْعَلِيُّ الْعَظِيمُ

Verse 255 of Sūrah al-Baqarah is known as “the Verse of the Throne” or in Arabic Āyah al-Kursī. This is because it declares: “His throne extends over the heavens and the Earth”.

It is recommended for a Muslim to read this verse every night. Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him) confirmed that whoever reads this verse before going to bed at night will be appointed an angel by Allah for protection and Satan will be unable to approach throughout the night's sleep.

It is also strongly recommended to read this verse after offering each of the five daily obligatory prayers.

Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him) said: "Whoever recites The Verse of the Throne immediately after each prescribed prayer, there will be nothing standing between him and his entering Paradise except death." [Sunan al-Nasa'i and Sahīh Ibn Hibban]

My friends often ask me, "Do you believe in the existence of God"? I think I am entitled to know the meaning of the terms used in this question before I answer it. My friends ought to explain to me what they mean by "believe," "existence" and "God", especially by the last two, if they want an answer to their question. I confess I do not understand these terms; and whenever I cross-examine them I find that they do not understand them either.

For centuries Eastern heart and intellect have been absorbed in the question, "Does God exist?" I propose to raise a new question, new, that is to say, for the East: Does man exist?

ALLAMA MUHAMMAD IQBAL

SYED KHALID ANWER-DMC 1986

The main problem I think is the ego. Human beings are so egotistical. To accept creation would be to accept the Creator and hence the need for submission.

It seems easy to accept that everything just happens at random Billions of years have allowed for the evolution. How mind boggling it is that to evolve, the thing first has to form and then evolve. Things cannot evolve from evolve. Ever thing is made of atom. That means that atoms have the mind and the heart. But is it one atom who is in charge of everything or all the million atoms are the in charge and then how do they coordinate. How does an atom decide that it will one day, become a human, next day a blue whale, another a tiger, a tree, a bee, a butterfly, the sun , the sky, the moon, the rivers, the mountains, the tongue, the eyes, the brains. What is in for the atom? Why it makes laws that governs its very existence, even when it has been formed out of chaos, mere random probabilities? Why the atoms forms hormones, chemicals, that are responsible for all the emotions, happiness, joy, anger, frustration, worry, altruism, empathy and myriads more. What is in for the atom? These are the profound question. We are so easily happy to attribute these manifestations of thoughts and mind to a ting which itself has no mind, no brain, no eyes, just mere electrons, protons, neutrons and other sub-atomic particles that are whizzing around bound by specific laws underpinning their very existence.

I have drawn these two points

The only difference is their size. They are made of the same atoms. One of them would behave uniquely differently than the other. Let me see if you can guess which one and why one of them would decide to write fantastic poetry and prose, create amazing paintings, craft extraordinary art, perform in scintillating dramas, fall in love, raise kids, have adorable friends, spread laughter, kindness, message of hope.

The other one would take diverse routes, forming, galaxies after galaxies, Universe after Universe The delightful moon, the searing sun, flowing rivers, roaring seas, the clouds, the rainbows, the forests, the meadows, the Orchards with apple trees. I want know why they are stickler to the rules they themselves make of quantum dynamics of cloistered nucleus, of the circumambulating electrons, of fixed number of electrons per shell and they absorbing energy and jumping from one shell to the other and then reverting back to their shell and releasing light. I am sure you are intelligent enough to decipher as you yourself are made of atoms. I want to know at what point they decided to take this disparate route and what their thinking behind it was.

DR. ABDUL JABBAR

The man everyone admires

This is a name that every member of the DMC Class of 1985 remembers with fondness and as a man who inspired respect in everyone who came into contact with me. No doubt the best student of the class, Abdul Jabbar has continued to shine brighter and brighter during his postgraduate career. The class dedicates this issue of our digital magazine to him and wishes him and his family the best.

Here are a few articles written by some of our class fellows who have known him personally.

ABDUL JABBAR: FROM NURSEY TO DMC

By Fayyaz Ahmed Shaikh

People often look for role models that are older, senior, more experienced and in authoritative positions. My role model was Abdul Jabbar since my early childhood. I have known him since his very first day at the nursery (Tiny Tots) in Kharadar, Karachi. I can still recall that day. A well dressed and well-presented young child came along with his mother. I was there with my mum. She pointed to him and said you want to be like him 'quiet and innocent and I bet he could never be naughty bothering his mum like you do' she said. He sat down besides his mum with a bottle of milk in his hands which he drank patiently while his mum had her hands on his head full of affection. He was the smartest child in nursery and there were no doubts among peers and teachers about his potential. Since that day I started to be like him although I never succeeded as I could never be quiet (as my friends know very well) and could never pinch his looks, physique and the respectability that he had in his dressing, demeanour and the way he spoke to others. We competed with each other for the top spot in the primary school but I could never beat him. I used to be the 2nd in the class something that my mother did admire but always said that the one who comes first (Abdul Jabbar) is still better than you and the pride he offers to his parents cannot be matched. Salimullah (a D85 mate now professor in KMDC) was the only other witness to this as he had also been in the same nursery.

I had a sigh of relief when I left Tiny Tots to go to a different secondary school as in some ways I was off pressure to compete with him, although I met him again at the DJ College. We had all the matric position holders in our class and thankfully he was not one of them, although he still scored higher than me. I told my mother that I had met Abdul Jabbar again and she asked how he was and whether he achieved higher than me in the matric!! He was still the same, well dressed, quiet and smart. I was never close to him during days at the DJ although we spoke a few times about the future and getting into Dow. There was a famous test conducted by the Zoology teacher Shamim Sahib halfway through the first year. The results came with Abdul Jabbar, Izhar and I taking the top three spot in the same order. All the matric position holders were much lower. I went to both to congratulate them and we all spoke about how we could beat them at the final and may well be position holders. As usual Abdul

Jabbar responded with a smile, although Izhar whose habits and demeanour were much closer to mine got ecstatic, and we decided to work harder and be in the top three in Intermediate Science.

Abdul Jabbar was a very private person and I think he still is, and was extremely reluctant to share how he was preparing for this but he was confident that he would get in to the top three. I had no desire to beat him but to be in the top three which with the Grace of Almighty God I achieved. My sister (a freelance Journalist) organized an interview with all three of us at the Radio Station. I was impressed with his communication skills and how impressive he was with his answers. The desire to model him was reborn. I was a bit envious of him and the old desire to beat him got rejuvenated.

Although Basit Baig got the top spot in the first professional Abdul Jabbar still managed to beat me being second followed by me at the third place. This was the first time ever that I was determined to beat him in the 2nd professional. I became close to him to find out how he studied, organized his time and remembered things that I struggled with. I found out that he had never missed a prayer in congregation even the night before the exam. He was able to do most of his activities of daily living like everyone and had never studied after 10 PM. His time management skills at that stage were what I learned two decades later at the MBA. Undoubtedly this man was a born star and was gifted by God perhaps because of his strong belief in Him and submitting to His will through regular prayers, and I can tell you, and I am sure Abdul Jabbar will agree, that all the credit of his success was attributed to God and of course his mother who nurtured him to be like that. Few days before our viva when most of us were panicky and were merged in text books till late nights, he sounded much calmer, confident and optimistic that he would do well in the exam. I used to ring him many times the day before his viva to seek what he was revising and how he was preparing at the last moment. Although he would never share that but astonishingly wasn't much bothered or worried. I used to tell my friends that he was a good actor as I couldn't believe he could be like that the day before a major viva.

The only time ever that I managed to go ahead of him was the 2nd professional. I couldn't believe my eyes or ears when the results came through as inside me he was the unbeatable guy; my role model. We became good friends at the house job in medical I. This was the time that I also came very close to Saleem Abubakar (now Saleem Khanani) and Khalid Ahmed so we decided to go to the North of Pakistan for a brief vacation. I had the privilege to spend a few days with him and found him no different than how he was when I first met him at the nursery. We had a good time and that can be seen in the pictures that I posted on the Facebook. I left for England soon after the house job and have kept in touch with him intermittently during my visit to Pakistan or when he visited the UK.

He decided to have all the qualifications in the UK but chose to stay in Pakistan for family reasons. He made his name in every corner of Karachi and I have always been proud to say that he was my classmate, friend and my role model. I found him a person that no one could ever hate. I have never known him to raise his voice, lose his temper or be angry or sarcastic. I to this day still wish I had all the qualities that he has but as a person he is so rich of all the good qualities that I am sure no one in our class would ever be able to match.

ABDUL JABBAR AS SEEN BY HIS FRIENDS

ABDUL AZIZ

I am pleased to write these few lines about Abdul Jabbar. I have known him since D.J.Science College. Dr Abdul Jabbar became popular among the students in second year after scoring the scoring marks in the first year. He took first position in inter and was among the top three in the first, second and third professional examinations in the medical college but unfortunately did not get in final year. He had broken records by securing highest marks about 84% marks in intermediate.

After admission to DOW Medical college we became friends and use to sit in the first or the second row of Moin Auditorium. Dr. Abdul Jabbar was a pious, religious and hard-working student. He was outstanding in clinical classes. He was very simple, sober, not much interested in students' week, parties, get together and halla gulla. I know Fayaz and Izhar very well. Fayaz was also my friend since we entered D.J.Science college and Izhar was my school fellow but Abdul Jabbar was quite different from both of them.

Recently Dr. Zernaz Wahid d/o Prof. A.Wahid told me that we used to throw chalks on Abdul Jabbar during our posting in surgical 4 and gynae2 and he used to feel so shy that his face used to blush.

I remember day of Abdul Jabbar's wedding we took part in each and every event of his marriage. True wealth cannot be found in bank accounts it can be found in people you call friends. Those with whom you share your deepest feelings. There are no words to write about his knowledge regarding medicine except that his record speaks for itself.

SHAHNAZ NATALWALA

It is difficult to remember when I really got to know Jabbar; Although we were colleagues from medical college I only remember that during those years he was the one that I was trying to beat all the time in getting the first position and vying to be the better one. It was like a constant struggle which I don't think I ever succeeded and I think I can now understand better as to why Jabbar is quiet yet confident and a thorough gentle man. Looking at him one feels that he takes life as is and at no time gets flustered by anything around him; This quality is inborn and not learnt. I finally accepted that it was not in me to emulate this quality .I cannot claim that I still know Jabbar well but have been with him as a colleague in the same university since the last 20 odd years

Even after his residency he sailed through all the faculty positions. He was one of the first to become a professor among all of us Dow 85 working at AKU. This shows the degree of professionalism that he has and is also understandable when one sees his track record.

I really met Jabbar when I first took my father for an examination as he was a diabetic. Jabbar went out of his way to help and support my father with his illness. It was during these times that I realized how much respect he pays to everyone around him. He is a thorough professional but also a very humane physician. Personally for me he has gone out of his way to help my father in difficult times. This may be understandable for a person who is your friend but I did not know Jabbar personally and was always a little awed by his aura but I was very pleasantly surprised by how approachable he is and how easily he develops a personal connection with his patients. Not a lot of physicians go to this extent in helping patients.

In short Jabbar is a great asset to our country and his moving to Dubai has been a great loss to all.

ABDUL JABBAR MY FRIEND

SALEEM A KHANANI

As we entered Dow in January of 1978 three names were on everyone's tongue, Abdul Jabbar, Izhar Khan and Fayyaz Ahmed Shaikh, the three top students of the batch. As we graduated in 1985, these three retained their academic charisma although a few other names were added to the distinguished list. Abdul Jabbar was the shy one among the three but once you get to know him he was very friendly. He and I developed a relationship after the result of the 2nd professional examination when I came second to him and we started going to different functions organized by the Memon Medicos and United Memon Jamat. This was to develop into a friendship that has lasted to this very day. We did our house job together and were partners. We then did our residency together at AKUH and joined the faculty at the same time.

During this time period I came to know Abdul Jabbar very closely. Behind his calm personality was a humble intellectual with encyclopedic medical knowledge, superb understanding of theoretical and clinical concepts, a research scholar, and above all an outstanding human being. He was an ideal son to his ailing mother at that time, and subsequently to his father, a brother to wish for and a friend who made sure that his car with a driver was at my disposal on my wedding day even though he himself was in London taking MRCP Part II examination.

During our training at AKUH I do not remember one sour moment that anyone ever had with Abdul Jabbar that is highly unusual for a high stress job. His colleagues, including myself, juniors, students and even seniors benefitted from his unquestionable clinical acumen. There was no doubt that he was the best and way ahead of the next one. I never felt jealous to him that is more of a credit to his humble nature and collegiality than to me. I used to tease him that from intermediate to the final year MBBS I was the only one who beat him twice, in the 2nd and final professional examinations. I have no qualms acknowledging that he was miles ahead of me in reality. The examination results do not reflect Abdul Jabbar's superiority over the rest of the class!

I missed his wedding since I was taking my MRCP Part II in January of 1989 and likewise he missed mine in October of 1989. But our families were present during these memorable occasions. Our wives also became friends as we visited each other's house and went together to different AKU events. In 1994 Abdul Jabbar and his family stayed with us during his visit to the USA. Every time we visited Karachi, Abdul Jabbar was one of our hosts.

Medicine came naturally to him. Endocrinology became his passion and he spent some time in UK after becoming a faculty. His mother's illness had prevented him from training in UK early on but this was no barrier to his sailing through MRCP. He embarked upon an academic career, doing research, writing dozens of papers, teaching generations of medical students and residents and eventually became a tenured professor. As far as I am concerned he remains the brightest star of D85 and I am proud to say that he is and will always remain my friend.

Abdul Jabbar is married to Bhabhi Haseena and the couple has three lovely children.

Nouman Abdul Jabbar is an audit associate at Ernst & Young Abu Dhabi. He recently graduated from the University of Newcastle, UK with a BA Hons. degree in Accounting and Finance. He did his O levels from Foundation Public School Karachi and his A-levels from The Lyceum School school Karachi.

Rabeeya Abdul Jabbar is a student at the American University of Sharjah, where she is pursuing a degree in interior design and architecture. She did her O-levels from Foundation Public School Karachi and her A-levels from the Cambridge international School Dubai.

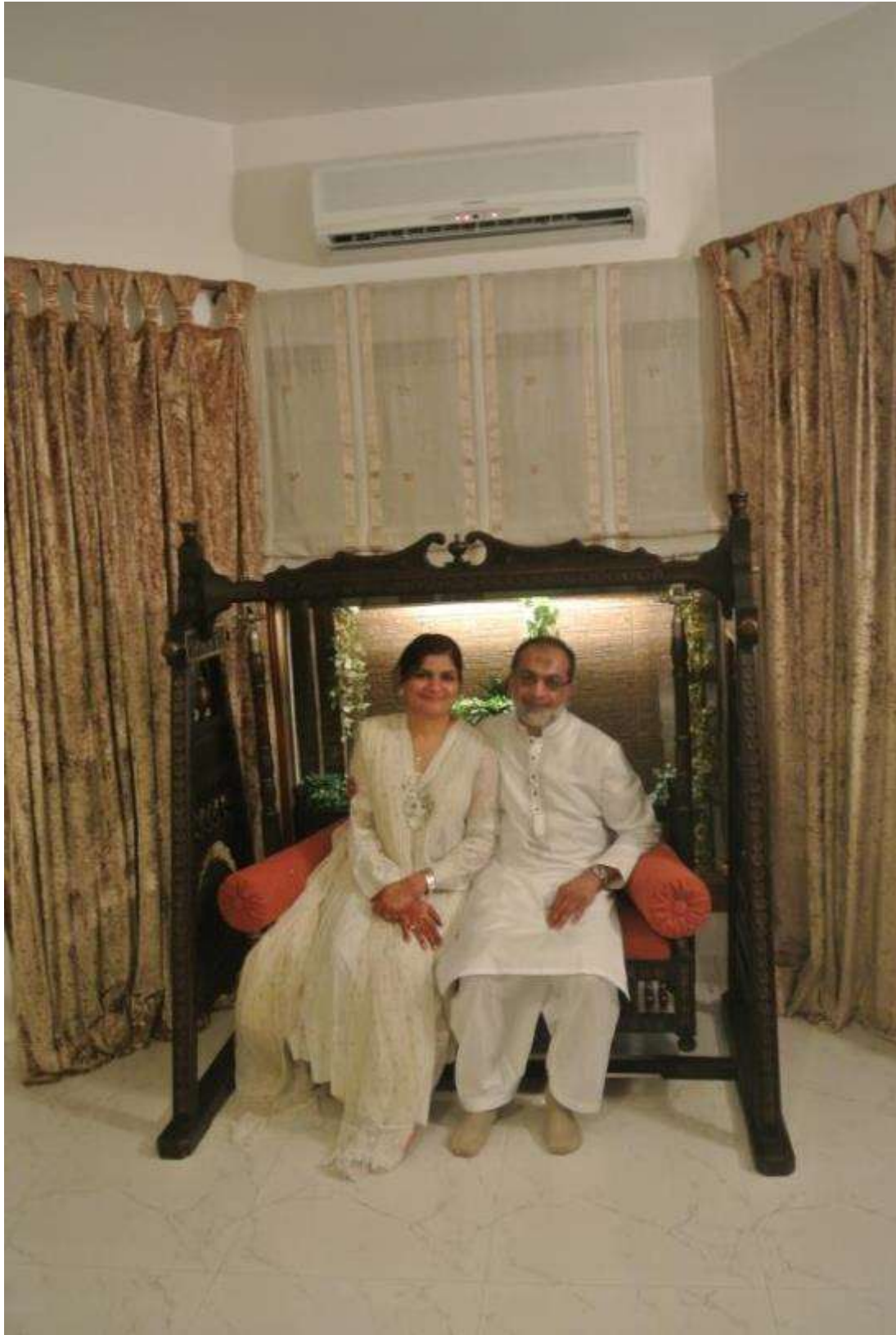
Javereeya Abdul Jabbar is the youngest and is working towards her O-levels from Dubai Gems School. She is currently in the 10th grade and is mainly concentrating on science subjects.



WITH GRADUATING DAUGHTER AND SON



WITH CLASS FELLOWS ON A TRIP TO UK IN 2013



A HAPPY AND BLESSED COUPLE

OLD FRIENDS, OLD DAYS



PHOTOS TAKEN AT THE END OF RESIDENCY AT THE AGA KHAN UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL



FROM RIGHT TO LEFT

ABDUL JABBAR, SALEEM KHANANI, DR. ATA KHAN, RAANA HAQQEE, ZAIGHAM ABBAS, NAHID ZIA



WITH DR. CHEVES SMYTHE FOUNDING DEAN AND CHAIRMAN OF DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE

PHOTO TAKEN ON APPOINTMENT TO THE FACULTY AT AKUH



ABDUL JABBAR AND SALEEM KHANANI ARE IN THE FRONT ROW, ZAIGAHM ABBAS IS STANDING AT THE BACK



SOME GROUP PHOTOS SHARED BY ABDUL AZIZ

WEDDING OF KAMRAN GABA



MAHWASH GABA AND HER HUSBAND WITH THEIR SON KAMRAN AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW



THE NEW D5 BAHOO WITH HER FAMILY



THE PROUD PARENTS

AISHA IDRIS DMC 1986

SALEEM ABUBKAR KHANANI

The tentative steps
Sideways glances
Blushing cheeks
Awkward smiles
Fumbling hands
Babbling excuses
Reserving bus seats
Pehla nashaa, Pehla pyaar,
All seems surreal.

Minds and hearts fighting
New slogans chanting
Youth demands emerging
Altruism so appealing
Jeetay gain , Jeetay gain!
Condemning the sumptuary
More of politics, less studying
And viva voce looming
Nervous girl was crying

Sub acha hai.Oh , really!
Un said words forging
Flirting along with studying
Writing on the wall is staring!
Dreams are shattering
Betrayals, making and breaking
Sounds deafening, heads are bowing
Move on, new horizons beckoning
Farewells said. And no returning.

ای ماہ سروقامت شکرانہ سلامت

اے شمع رہے تیرا پروانہ سلامت

فرزانوں کی دنیا میں یہ شور مچا ہے

مقتل سے نکل آیا دیوانہ سلامت

گردش میں صراحی ساقی کی عنایت

تا حشر رہے گا یہ میخانہ سلامت

پینے کو اگرچہ ہے شیشہ میں جوانی

اس بادۂ رفتہ کا پیمانہ سلامت

سکوت شب بھی رہے جس میں وہ سحر نہ ملی

جدا جو اس سے ہوئے اپنی پھر خبر نہ ملی

کچھ اس طرح سے رخ یار بے نقاب ہوا

ملا ہے شوق مگر رخصت نظر نہ ملی

ڈاؤ

وہ میری درگاہِ عشق جسے میں ڈاؤ کہتا تھا
وہاں اللہ بھی رہتا تھا وہاں پر رام رہتا تھا

بڑی مشکل سے ایڈمیشن ملا کرتا تھا ڈاؤ میں
بے تھے لوگ اُس جا پر بہت مذہب و ماو میں

کوی تھا نیشنل سے اور کوی ڈمی جے سے آتا تھا
شہر کا ہر بڑا ٹیچر ہمیں آکر پڑھاتا تھا

بہت سے لوگ آدم جی و باوانی سے آتے تھے
مگر ڈاؤ میں آکر بس اُسی کے گُن وہ گاتے تھے

سیاست جم کے ہوتی تھی محبت چھپ کے ہوتی تھی
کلاسیں ختم ہو جاتیں تو پھر کرکٹ بھی ہوتی تھی

"معین" کی سیڑھیوں پہ عشق بھی پروان چڑھتے تھے
بہت سے رہنما آکر وہیں تقریر کرتے تھے

جب عشقی معاملہ تھوڑا سا آگے کو چلا جاتا
تو "جوڑا" سیڑھیوں سے اور بھی اوپر چلا جاتا

اگر "فریو" میں بیٹھے ہو تمہارا عشق کچا ہے
اگر "ہسٹو" تلک پہنچا تو سالا عشق سچا ہے

بہت سے لوگ تو بس دور سے ہی عشق کرتے تھے
بہت چاہتے تھے وہ محبوب کو پر اُس سے دُرتے تھے

نہ کوی غم تھا نہ کھٹکا نشہ تھا اک جوانی کا
ابھی تک یاد ہے مجھ کو الیکشن وہ شیجانی کا

جماعتی اور سُرُخے جم کے نعرے بازی کرتے تھے
اساتذہ بہت کھل کے طرفداری بھی کرتے تھے

وہیں سے عشق بھی سیکھا وہیں تعلیم بھی پای
وہی تھی عمر بس قمبر کہ سب دنیا سمجھ آئی

بہت عرصہ ہوا اُس بات کو گزرے اگر دیکھو
وہیں بنیاد اپنی تھی پڑی قمبر مگر دیکھو

آڈیٹوریم کی سیڑھیاں

یہ آڈیٹوریم سے نیچے جاتی سیڑھیاں ہیں
انہی پر بیٹھ کر ہم نوجوانی کی حسیں ڈوری میں خوشیوں کے نئے موتی پروتے تھے
گزرتے پل میں خوشبوؤں کی اور رنگوں کی زیبائش سموتے تھے
سمے سے بے خبر امید کی بارش سے خوابوں کو بھگوتے تھے

اور اب ہم تم اچانک پھر سے چوتھائی صدی کے بعد ان سیڑھی پہ بیٹھے ہیں
تو میں ان سب تعلق اور لمحوں کو دوبارہ جی رہا ہوں
ہمارے بیچ جو رشتہ ہے اس کے سامنے اب تک لکھے الفاظ اور اشعار سب کے سب ناکافی ہیں
یہ رشتہ جو جوانی کے دنوں کو ساتھ ڈھلتے دیکھنے والوں کا رشتہ ہے
یہ رشتہ جو اکھٹے رونے والوں اور آنسو پوچھنے والوں کا رشتہ ہے
کہیں ہمت بڑھانے اور کہیں پہ روکنے والوں کا رشتہ ہے
گنوائے اور پانے کی حقیقت سوچنے والوں کا رشتہ ہے

سنو ان سیڑھیوں پہ آج تم ویسی گریزاں تو نہیں ہو
نہ بی وہ پہلے جیسی نازنینی ہے، نہ بی وہ دلربائی ہے
نہ تم میں وہ غرور حسن ہے اور نہ چھپے جذبوں کے کھل جانے کا مجھ میں خوف باقی ہے
سمے کی ناو عہد نوجوانی کے کناروں سے بہت آگے نکل آئی ہے
ہمارے اور تمہارے پاس اب پریوں سی بیٹی اور شہزادوں سے بیٹے ہیں

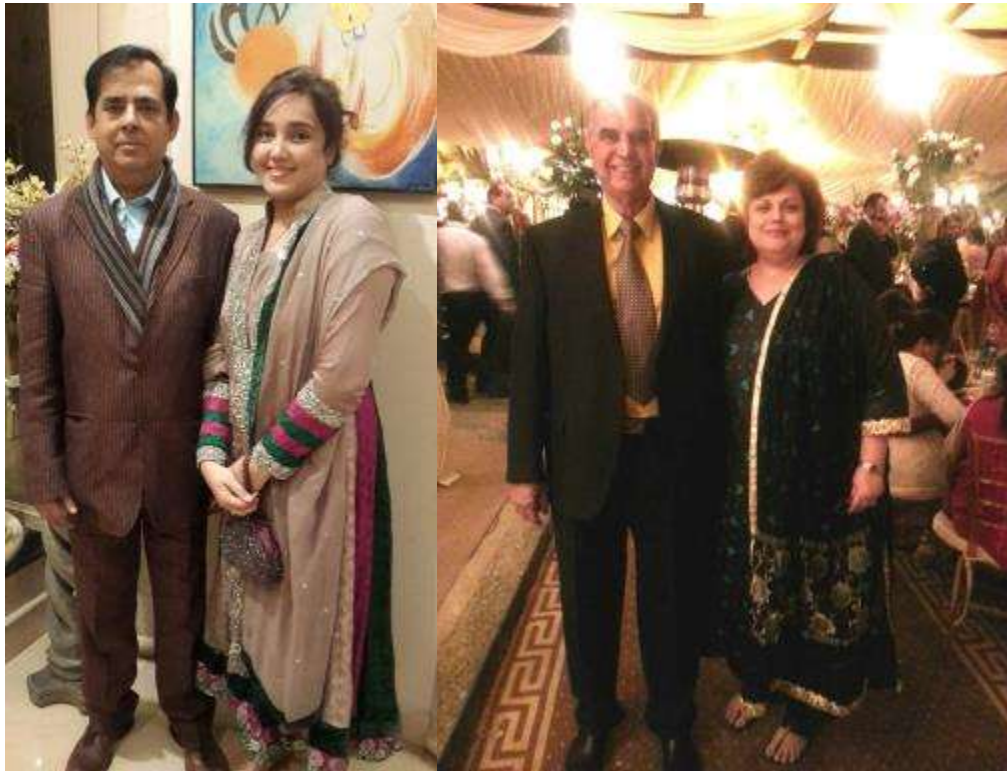
سنو ان سیڑھیوں پہ آج ایسا لگتا ہے
کہ تم جس بات کے سننے کے امکان سے بھڑکتے تھے
اب اس کے منتظر ہو
چلو پھر آج ان نو خیز لمحوں کی کتھانیں پھر سے دہرائیں
بتاؤ اپنی ساتھی لڑکیوں کے ساتھ ان سیڑھی پہ کیا باتیں بناتی تھیں؟
بتاؤ کان میں کیا سن کے چہرہ سرخ ہوتا تھا؟
بتاؤ کس بیان پہ یک بیک تم کھلکھلاتی تھیں؟
بتاؤ کون سی باتوں پہ لڑتی تھیں، کہاں پہ مان جاتی تھیں؟
بتاؤ اپنا سر اقرار اور انکار میں کب کب ہلاتی تھیں؟

ہمارے بیچ یہ رشتہ جو مثل معجزہ ہے
اب اس رشتہ میں تم کچھ آگہی اور معرفت کی اور آمیزش بڑھا دو
یہ پختہ عمر جو ہے اس میں کچی ساعتوں کی ساری رنگینی ملا دو
تجربے اور دانش نے جو ہم سے لمحہ بے ساختہ کو چھینا ہے، واپس دلا دو
قسم ان سیڑھیوں کی، وقت کو پلٹاؤ، اور جو دیکھنے سے رہ گیا ہے، سب دکھا دو

A VALIMA IN KARACHI



A WEDDING IN KARACHI



D85 CLASS HYGIENE TOUR 82'

MANSOOR PIRZADA CR 4TH YEAR MBBS



I have been wondering about, what I would do, if I am asked to write about the only one memorable event or episode of my student life! Well, being given the responsibility of representing the class of 85' in my opinion was the most memorable part of my life.

I did not know that the class I am representing will produce so many great physicians in each and every field of medicine & surgery, who will serve and contribute with their yet unmatched talent and expertise not just in Pakistan but all over the world.

Becoming the CR was easy but along with it came the uphill task of fulfilling the promises made during the campaign, some of them were easy but some were unrealistic and were too daunting and difficult to deliver, and Hygiene Tour was one of them.

First of all I am thankful to God for giving me the opportunity to be a part I am also truly thankful to all those class fellows who helped, assisted and made this Tour a historic and memorable reality. Without their help I would never have accomplished this goal.

I will also take the opportunity to very sincerely apologize to all those members of Doc 85 who I know were hurt at the time, by some of the actions, I and my team had to take under the given circumstances. I take full responsibility for those actions and decisions and am truly sorry for it. Tour 82 or (The Hygiene Tour) is one unforgettable part of the lives of all those who took that historic and beautiful journey 32 years ago in 1982.

Its memory is permanently engraved in our minds and I hope we all will cherish that and share it with our children and grandchildren. I personally feel that the foundation of "Doc 85" was laid

and the seed had been sowed after the "Tour 82", as we all started talking and sharing the memories, pictures and stories of the tour once we came back and that went on for several years. Later on some of the friends who were part of the Tour 82 decided to start the Doc 85 forum to keep the Doc 85 family alive

Now if you allow me to share with you some of the details of how the idea of our Tour 82 became a reality, are as follows;

In December of 1981, three months earlier, when I first discussed it with my C3 group mates about organizing the Tour, it was not taken seriously and in fact I was laughed at, so I turned towards my dear friend Shahid Raza. He was at first reluctant but very soon decided to come along. We thought of all the groups who could potentially assist me in the endeavor. I must say that I did talk to a few other groups before talking to Hanif and I found Hanif Haji and his group very enthusiastic and ready to help and assist me in organizing the Tour. Soon the entire group practically became my tour organizing group.

Also Shehla Hussain took the lead in taking care of girl's side. Shehla and her group members were the most supportive of everything the tour organizers did. Many many thanks to all of them.

It would be unjustified if I do not mention the huge moral support I got from the girls from my own group C3, Alyia, Arifa, Farhat & Rahat during Getting permission from administration was looking like an impossible task due to an unfortunate accident when two of D 84 students lost their lives on their tour.

Finally the permission was granted but the budget allotted was like a drop in A series of meetings were held, some at my house, some at other friends' houses, some in the college and some in the hostel.

Every possible conceivable minute detail of the Tour was discussed from Individuals were assigned different tasks like contacting businesses for donations of food items like tea, from Isfahani Group and Banaspati Ghee. Donations in Cash and kind were not easy to collect but our team members

were resilient and hardy and kept trying and tapping every business door in the town on motor bikes, day in and day out.

An "Advance Party" was formed, and Shahid Raza was given the most difficult task of heading that party to go 15 days before the actual departure date to make arrangements for lodging, boarding, sight-seeing, buses and food for the entire group of at least 200 boys and girls when they would arrive first in Lahore, then in Pindi, Muree and finally Abbottabad. The advance party left Karachi on February 8, 1982.

I still am indebted and thankful to my dear friend Shahid Raza, Anver Moeen and Shafqat Mehmood, of the advance party for an excellent job and Long detailed lists of things to do were prepared and it grew and changed every time the phone call from the advance party came, as they were the front runners of the Tour and they knew exactly what we will be needing and facing when we arrive in Lahore. They were our eyes and hands preparing the ground for the arrival and reception of the contingent.

While the advance party was diligently doing its designated work in Lahore, Pindi, Muree and Abbottabad, the rest of the group in Karachi was meticulously putting the million pieces together, one piece at a time.

Every item from the list had to be completed before we could move forward. The cook and his helper was arranged, who needed to get “high” before they can open their eyes and prepare the food for the caravan.

The Railway bogies had to be booked, and again one of our class fellows came forward to assist me. This was the biggest item on the list and it was arranged so smoothly and with ease that I still feel amazed. It was done by none other than Humaira Moeen. Two railway compartments were booked and we were given sizeable discount on the booking. Not only that our compartments were given special treatment throughout our journey from Karachi to Pindi and back to Karachi. My salute to Humaira for this great

Once the railway booking was finalized we all knew that, now it is real! and the date of departure was announced, the time table was being finalized and tickets for sale were printed.

As the days passed the excitement was growing among the team members and the hysteria was developing in the class. Initially there was some feeling of indifference among some class fellows

especially those who were serious about studies, (my apologies to the studious ones) and not so keen on taking this trip to oblivion. That created a sense of panic and anxiety among the tour organizers and me. An emergency meeting was called and all the avenues were discussed on how to create interest, generate excitement and grab the attention of the class fellows.

Series of Hand Outs were prepared, once the news started to spread and the details of the trip were given to the class in hand outs on a daily basis. The interest of the class grew steadily. Finally the tickets for sale were available to the class. Initially the sale was slow but as the interest grew the sale started to pick up. I remember that once we announced that the tickets are sold out, there was a panic in the class as many more class fellows then wanted to go on the trip but unfortunately had to be turned down.

My team was excited and relieved at the final sale. Everyone was hysteric and happy. Those who got the tickets were looking forward to a joyous trip and those who sold the tickets were looking forward to making this trip memorable for their class fellows. Those were strange few days before the date of departure, words cannot explain that feeling, probably a feeling of No classes & No lectures were being attended by those who had the tickets. One day before the departure, the two railway compartments were inspected and sound system and Banner of Tour 82' was installed by Musa

Departure Day: (D Day):

February 22, 1982 was the day of the beginning of a historic journey into the unknown, for many class fellows who had never stepped outside Karachi and for all, it was the trip of their lifetime! Everyone was ecstatic, singing, chanting and dancing on the beat! Ready to depart! Young, euphoric and restless!! The history had begun to unfold!!! The journey had begun!!!!

As the train started to slowly role away from the platform, the entire platform was resonating with the deafening sounds coming out from our two compartments. Those sounds still bring smiles on my face whenever I wander away alone, when those beautiful sounds shakeup the silent memory corridors somewhere deep in the sulci and gyri in my brain every every one settled down as the train sped up towards our first destination.

We had travelled more than half way towards Lahore. Everyone was enjoying and eagerly making plans for the next several days of the trip. Suddenly the train came to a screeching halt!!

people were looking outside to see why the train stopped. Before I knew some of the boys jumped out and started picking Kionoos (Tangerines) from the farm next to the stopped train. While I and organizers were watching this, the train started to move again and we shouted to the boys to come back to the train. Most of the boys managed to hop on the moving train but, Anwar Mullah could not catch the moving train and then I saw few chokidars of the farm who wanted to grab him for picking the Kionoos!!! I knew if they would catch Anwar we will all be in big trouble!!I shouted and asked one of the organizers to pull the chain and he pulled the chain and the train once again came to a grinding halt. I and other organizers jumped from the train and rescued Anwar and by that time the railway people also came over and the crisis was defused.

As our train rolled into the historic Lahore Railway station, the class was received and greeted by the Advance party. The boys were escorted to KE hostel and girls to the FJ hostel respectively to dump their luggage and freshen up.

During the four day stay we visited several historic places like Minar -e-Pakistan, Badshahi Mosque, Lahore Fort, Shalamar Gardens, Bagh -e-Jinnah, Anarkali and Changa Manga. The first lunch was arranged at the Minar -e- Pakistan. We left for Rawalpindi in the evening as planned so that the arrival in Pindi was in the early morning. We visited Faisal Mosque, Super Market and Shakar Parian.

I was told that the weather will be bad in Muree as it was very cold and raining in Pindi which means snow in Muree. It was one of the worst winters at that time. The bus drivers were a bit reluctant to go to Muree but seeing the excitement and will of the class fellows they moved on. As we reached near Muree the snow was beyond belief. The drivers refused to move further up and dumped us at "Sunny Bank ". There was a panic like situation as suddenly we were standing with our luggage in knee deep snow. The energy and excitement was turning into fear of being stranded. I still remember my dear friend, Late Shoeb Tauheed was almost in tears and wanted to go back as he feared for his life. I calmed him down and encouraged him. I knew that there were several class fellows who have never stepped out of Karachi and suddenly finding themselves in the frigid world was too overwhelming, intimidating and scary.

We all managed to reach the " Gulberg Hotel " by slipping, tripping, crawling and dragging ourselves with our luggage. Only to find out that the electricity was gone due to the snow storm. It was too much to bear for some, so they decided to stay in another hotel but the majority of the class fellow stayed at the Gulberg Hotel. Most of the class fellows stayed up late night huddled together talking, singing and some cursing the organizers and hotel owners. I also remember Shoeb Hassan sang several songs and entertained with Violin. I know it was a rough start in Muree but mother nature does not discriminate any one. We all enjoyed the next morning as it was a bright sunny day revealing the true beauty of snow clad panorama of mountains

We all got dispersed throughout Muree enjoying every second of it. There were not too many people in Muree as it was an off season for locals and they were thrilled to see so many of us. It meant extra business for them.

Rawalpindi Railway Station, Plate form No: 5: Our bogies were parked at the platform no: 5, a remote and peaceful corner of the station. After descending from a rough and frigid world of Muree. We stayed overnight in our bogies playing cards, Gupshap, having tea coffee and dry fruits before departing to Abbottabad the next morning.

Abbottabad & Beyond:

This was the last leg of the tour. We left for Abbottabad by road. The journey was pleasant; the roads were narrow and winding. We arrived at the Abbottabad Youth Hostel in late afternoon. Our sudden arrival with so many boys & girls in a small town created an uproar in the locals, especially their young ones who had not witnessed such an energetic, fresh and colorful rainbow of boys & girls.

As the night came we saw several local students and children gathering all around the boundary wall of the hostel watching inside with their eyes wide. That created some feeling of discomfort for organizers and a sense of insecurity. I along with other organizers had to meet the locals and Chokidars to make sure that no untoward incident should happen during. We decided to stand guard during the night taking turns while our class fellows were gathered around bonfire, and Alhamdulillah all went well. The trip was winding down and this was the most memorable night as we had Bonfire and everyone was happy singing, chanting and enjoying.

Next morning we had planned the visits to Batrasi, Gari Habibullah, We touched the clouds on our way to Batrasi. The trees were tall and the cold clouds were rolling at our feet. It was an amazing and breath taking. As the shadows of the trees grew taller we decided to return back. We arrived at the Pindi Railway Station, Platform # 5 and this was the last night before the journey back to Karachi. I knew that we still had more work to do. I asked the organizers to go around one last time and check both bogies for lights and other necessities needed during the trip back.

The Tour had ended. What a sigh of relief for the organizers and countless volunteers! I strongly believe that this Tour had given us the opportunity to know each other, come close to each other and to understand each other. It has created a unique invisible unbreakable bond between our class fellows which has survived for the past 32 years and Insha Allah will last forever.

In the end I would like to once again thank all my friends who helped me in making this trip a reality and the most memorable trip of our lifetime. It is a gift from all of those friends to our class.

I also would like to thank all my class fellows who took this trip and despite many shortcomings, continued to encourage me and our organizers. Lastly I would like to offer my very sincere apologies to some of my class fellows who came back unhappy because of my inability to accommodate their demands solely because of our financial constraints. I take full responsibility for making them unhappy and offer my unconditional sincere. I conclude here and hope and pray that in spite of my sincere efforts in writing this article from my recalled memory, if I may have missed any aspect, person or point, it should be considered completely unintentional.

AN UNFORGETTABLE TRIP

By: Dr.Giezla Farah Iqbal

Vacation trip is one third pleasure, fondly remembered and two third aggravation, entirely forgottenbut for me our hygiene tour was the opposite. It was so exciting. I remember it.... as it happened only yesterday. Surely it was one of the best trips of my life. Everybody loves holidays because during holidays we can relax & have fun. With myself as a fun loving person there was no looking back once I had initiated my journey. There have been times when I had nothing to do but enjoy myself. I didn't know where to beginto me enjoyment comes fleetingly & unheralded.

For this very trip some convincing was needed for my parents as they had their reservations regarding the safety issues when so many youths are on their own .My friends and their parents played a major role in convincing mine so also my elder brother who played his role in an impressive manner .I just could not believe myself when my mother told me that I had the permission to go. It hardly took me any time to prepare and pack my belongings for the trip once I had the green signal. It was easy as we had no hassle for tickets, booking, accommodation, food, transportation etc. The responsibility was well shouldered by our amazing class representative Mansoor Pirzada and his team.

Youth plays its magic & lets you enjoy in the worst possible scenario. In no time we were on our way ... I was totally lost , stunned by the beautiful scenic views that I only saw in pictures....so lost I was that I forgot to blink my eyes....was dreaming with my eyes wide open and not believing that I was actually living my dream.

Had lots of activities to dostopping in a number of major cities ,visiting numerous historical places , capturing the essence of the lovely moments in pictures to remember later on ...sometimes walkingsometimes jogging... and sometimes running.... occasionally having ridessometimes planning and preparing beforehand and at other times joking and laughing. It was simply amazing...even watching the sun rise was so romantic....

The most amazing & spectacular experience of my life that I was stunned by God's creation of a heaven like place on earth.... Breathtaking views on both sides when we were going to Batgram ...mountains alternating with mountain streams ,soaring cliffs ,tall and majestic pine trees partly hidden with the fog and clouds with deep and deadly ravines all on a single trip....the drive to Batgram was an event itself...and absolutely unforgettable.

While in Maria hill station which was totally covered with snow ...wanted to hit the sunny days where we occupied ourselves keeping the sun off our skins and snow and rain off our belongings. Playing with snow balls and posing and hugging our first man ever Sadly made out of only snow which we built with our freezing handswhat fun it was!!!!

At that moment our thoughts wereOh, why can't we break away from all this just you & me, & lodge with my fleas in the hills? I mean flee to my lodge in the hills.

Surely the whole trip was absolutely amazinggetting ready with our joggers and jeans every morninghaving a hurried breakfastnever to be late ... for fear of missing some fun....trip to the Dam where one of the friends slipped due to her high heels and fell in the cold waterhorse rides, hot tea with pakoras and Chapli kabas in Mari...souvenir of a pine tree taken from Batgram which I still hold as a treasure ... having a bet with Samira that I could take a bath in cold water in Mariloss of finger tips from my gloves and toes from my socks in trying to dry

them out on the heated wood that burnt in our rooms.....taking a bath in the waiting lounge of first class at the railway station while we were parked there for three days with no water in the traingetting up early in the train to be able to access a clean toiletit's like a Pandora box that holds so many treasured memories that can go on and on and on.

Like always this dream had to end and sadly enough it was due to be over soon....our last night in the train was also fun ... we planned to share some horror experiences in the darkness of the very last night in train..... All of us were sitting around like a camp fire ... only thing missing was the camp and the fire ...I was the one telling the story After building up a climax for about half an hour I ended the story with a sudden jump and scream ... all were so engrossed in the details ...waiting for next thing to happen were shocked by my response and supported me fully with adding their voices to the scream.

All shouted simultaneously like a snow ball phenomenon....I quickly jumped and climbed back to my bed which was on the upper most level pretending to be deep asleep....it took them some time to realize what had happenedand then started laughingin no time lights were flashing ...people sleeping were awakened by the scream and our organizers who were stationed at the end of the compartment came hurriedly to check on our well-being surprised to find every one giggling and laughing All were too embarrassed to give the detailsit took a number of days to forget that night and all of our friends remembered it fondly recalling it off and on even later.

At that moment my thoughts were that no man needs a vacation as much as the person who has just had one and at that moment I was that person.

The wonderful journey ended & on my way back I thought those days were simply amazing ...getting a chance to spend time with old friendsmissing some dear ones who could not comemaking many new onessharing wonderful memories and unforgettable experience and I wished if I had a few more days to spend. Thank you all for making it so memorable.

Vacation used to be a luxury at that time but in today's world it's a necessity....Try hard and make an effort to find some time ... for funfor enjoymenttime for yourself.....I wonder what it would be like if we had a fun trip now in 2014???????



The Editors like to thank Mansoor Pirzada, Arifa Ijaz, Shehla Hussain and Giezla Iqbal for sharing their memories and photos with the class.

HYGIENE TOUR IN PICS



